HIS MEMOIRS IN TYPE AND REVISED

Hale and Hearty, He is Still a Good Shot With the Rifle.

MEETING WITH DAVIS

Gen. James Longstreet, the only surviving lieutenent general of the confederate army, left for his home at Gainesville, Ga., night, after a ten days' visit to his sons. Lee and James, at 1535 I street northwest, where he remained in strict seclusion for a week, until discovered accidentally by one of his friends and a public reception forced upon him. No man has the social side of his nature more fully developed. and none loves reunions, receptions and the meeting of friends any better, but upor this occasion Gen. Longstreet was not at home to newspaper men, committees or individual friends. He came to Washington, in fact, to escape from the attentions showered upon him in Philadelphia. As every one knows, he has for the past eight years been engaged in writing his memoirs, and as is not generally known, the work is and as is not generally known, the work is finished, and the publishing house sent for him to revise the proofs. Next to his family and the famous old white horse, that book is nearer and dearer to the warrior's heart than anything he ever possessed during life, and in his joy at its finally being all in type, he wrote to a friend in Philadelphia that he was going there. When he arrived a committee met him at the depot, ascorted him to the hotel, and for the next escorted him to the hotel, and for the next two weeks he was not allowed a moment's two weeks he was not anowed a moment of time in which to read the proofs. Gen. Longstreet don't know how to refuse or ignore the attentions of his friends, and the only remedy was in flight, so he came to the house of his sons in Washington, not letting any one know his destination.

Welcome in Washington. There he succeeded in remaining secreted long enough to revise the proofs and return them to the publishers. This impertant task completed, he went home to his cottage on his little farm, two miles from Gainesville, although his sons and friends would very glady have welcomed his stay in this city during the winter. But the general's love for his cottage is intense, even though it must now be very lorely, his daughter, whose devotion to her father has been most marked, and who has

father has been most marked, and who has been his constant companion at home and atroad, now being married and boarding in the town of Gainesville, while his four sons have all found homes in distant cities, leaving the old man all alone, his wife having died some time since.

Gen. Longstreet was greatly disappointed that Mrs. Grant had left the city, as he has not seen her for some time, and his own life history and that of Gen. Grant were closely interwoven. Gen. Longstreet and Gen. Grant were classmates at West Point, and graduated the year previous to the Mexican war, and were sent together to Jefferson barracks, St. Louis, where Gen. Garland was in command. Gen. Longstreet was very popular socially, and Gen. Grant was the reverse, the daughter of Gen. Garland, subsequently the wife of Gen. Longstreet, characterizing him as the most silent man in the army, as well as most silent man in the army, as well as the most bashful.

Two Warm Friends. But Gen. Longstreet and Gen. Grant were

warm friends, and the former finally prevailed upon the latter to visit the Misses Dent, who were cousins of Gen. Longstreet. Subsequently, as a result of this effort to get his friend into society, Gen. Longstreet had the happiness of greeting his companion as his cousin. When the Mexican war broke out both men went. Gen. Longstreet was promoted four times, each time for bravery upon the field, and arose from the rank of second lieutenant to that of major. He became widely known for his heroic act at Chapultepec, where the color bearer being killed and he himself wounded, he seized the colors and planted them upon the rampart. Here was where the warm friendship that existed between Gen. Longstreet and Gen. Robert E. Lee was formed. Gen. Longstreet, as Gen. Grant's superior officer, recommended him for the only promotion he received.

Subsequently to the Mexican war Gen. Grant and Gen. Longstreet drifted apart, although they kept up their friendship, and the civil war found the two men fighting upon different sides, both achieving great distinction. Gen. Longstreet was very seriously wounded during this struggle, a bullet striking him in the throat and coming out of his back after ranging over his lung, paralyzing his right arm, so that it is still practically useless, most of his writing having to be done with his left hand. get his friend into society, Gen. Longstreet

Longstreet in Reconstruction Days. After the surrender Gen. Longstree wrote a letter for publication urging the states to adopt reconstruction measures at once and also proclaiming himself to be a republican and asking the best men of the south to join him in espousing that party, arguing that it was necessary for them to do this in order that the difficult task of readjusting state affairs should be directed by the best citizens and not be placed in the hands of the carpet baggers. Gen. Grant being elected President, ap-Grant being elected President, ap-Gen. Longstreet collector of the pointed Gen. Longstreet collector of the port of New Orleans, a position that he accepted. There was at once a perfect storm of indignation, and Longstreet's life was in danger constantly. He was openly accused of selling out to the republicans, but he remained true to his convictions. During the war Gen. Longstreet and President Davis differed upon a number of important matters and the defection of the former as it was terred accusate. the former, as it was termed, created a feeling of intense bitterness upon the part of the leader of the lost cause. There was no term too strong to use in denouncing the course of Longstreet.

His Simple Life.

The general removed to Gainesville, Ga. where he lived on a small farm in a beautiful mansion, commanding a view of the entire surrounding country. This house was burned while the family were absent, the fire being usually attributed to political enemies of Gen. Longstreet, although he enemies of Gen. Longstreet, although he has always declined to accept this view, and contents himself with having no theories as to the cause of the fire. Although not destitute, the general was by no means wealthy, and a small brown cottage took the place of the mansion. It is but one story high and consists of but six rooms. Across the road is his vineyard, where when his strength will permit, he exercises by hoeing out the weeds; the tall, com-mar ding figure of the soldier being fre-quently seen as he wields the garden im-

After his removal to Gainesville, Jefferson Davis made a trip through the south, and was to be tendered a reception at Atlanta. Gen. Long-treet was invited, although the enmity existing upon the part of Davis was well known, and the policy of extending the invitation was a very seriously discountered. invitation was very seriously discussed Finally it was agreed that Gen. Longstree would refuse to come, and his friends, of whom he had legions, would resent his not being invited, and he was requested to be

A Memorable Reconciliation.

His old white horse that he rode during the war was still alive, and the railroad company agreed to carry the animal to Atlanta free of charge. The general donned his confederate uniform and went to the city. The streets were packed when he arrived, and it was almost impossible to get within two blocks of the carriage containing Davis as it passed to the platform receted for him. They had finally reached the place, when from down the street came cheers as loud as those that greeted the leader of the lost cause. The crowd seemed to have gone wild, and the "rebel yell" was sounded from thousands of threats.

to have gone wild, and the "rebel yell" was sounded from thousands of throats, as, erect and manly, Gen. Longstreet rode the old war horse up the street.

Mr. Davis turned to some one on the platform and asked, "What is that cheering for?" At that moment Longstreet came within view, and Davis dropped his head for a moment mon his breast. Then head for a moment mon his breast. head for a moment upon his breast. Then, as the general mounted the steps to the platform, Davis arose, grasped him by the

who revered Davis as the head of the de-funct confederacy, and who loved Long-HERO OF THE GRAY HERO OF THE GRAY

who revered Davis as the head of the defunct confederacy, and who loved Longstreet as the general who had led them,
wept like children, hats were thrown into
the air, and the applause was deafening.
The reconcilitation was complete, and the
two men were warm friends up to the time
of the death of Mr. Davis.

A Good Shot Still

For some time past Gen. Longstreet has een in feeble health, but is now stronger than for several years. His step is firm, his shoulders erect and his eye clear. Talk-

ing with his son, Lee, yesterday, a Star re-porter heard an interesting incident of Gen. porter heard an interesting incident of Gen.
Longstreet's clearness of vision.

"There was a hawk on the farm that was killing the little chickens," he said, "and father was greatly attached to the chickens. The hawk settled upon a dead pine tree, too high for me to shoot him. Father wanted me to get the rifle and kill the bird, but I told him it was useless to try until it came lower than it was then. He did not say anything, and I thought nothing more of it until half an hour later, when father came to the house carrying the rifle in one hand and the hawk, shot through the head, in the other, and at that time he was so feeble that I had no idea he could carry the gun, much less shoot anything with it."

Referring to the book now just completed, he said: "Father has worked at it for the past eight years. He has not had much else to do, and has rewritten it several times.

do, and has rewritten it several times. It has been such a constant source of pleasure to him that I don't know how he will get along now it is completed and in the hands of the publishers."

TAMED A TIGRESS.

The Brute Taught to Ride a Horse and Jump Hoops.

Galveston News. James McElroy, a young man who was born in Galveston and lived there with his family up to six years ago, has gained fame taming and training a tigress. Wild animal trainers have failed to subject tigresses to their will after having succeeded with nearly every other species of wild beast. toria, a majestic specimen of the full-grown Bengal tigress. She was captured at the age of three months in a jungle near the city of Amoy, China. The baby tigress cou

baby tigress could not have received more careful treatment if she had been McElroy's child. The trainer permitted nobody but himself to perform even the most trivial services for his pet. He prepared her food himself, gave it to her out of his own hands, brought her water, cleaned her den out daily, played with her and even slept beside her. In his way he taught the little cat that she must depend upon him alone for every necessary of life. As it was McElroy's intention to make her the only tigress equestionne in the world the only tigress equestrienne in the world he took her every day into the stables and played with her among the horses, to fa-miliarize her with those animals.

miliarize her with those animals.

This course of training was continued until McElroy decided that the tigress was old enough to leave the kindergarten and enter upon the actual work of receiving her education. In training Victoria one man, Henry Chappelle by name, and two horses sacrificed their lives. She is a treacherous brute, even when in the best of humors. The first day they turned her loose in a big cage to give her the first lesson on horseback riding she ripped off the thick leather armor that covered the horse's body and tore his head from his neck with her teeth and claws. Chappelle and Mc-

body and tore his head from his neck with her teeth and claws. Chappelle and McElroy were in the cage, and Chappelle, trying to save the horse, commenced lashing
Victoria with a blacksnake whip. That act
cost him his life. The tigress made one
spring from the horse to Chapelle, bore
him to the earth and sank her fangs into
his throat. McEroy escaped from the cage
in time to avoid injury.

Victoria never had another chance to
hurt anybody while receiving her education. Her claws were clipped and a steel
muzzle was fastened over her head. McElroy worked with her three times a day
for eighteen months. He rigged a hoisting
apparatus to lift her from the ground to
the horse's back. In a few months he had
her trained so that the muzzle could be
dispensed with and her claws allowed to
grow.

A Raft of Rats Drawn by Fire.

From the Kansas City Times "It is an indisputable fact that fire will draw rats," said Louis Simonds of St. Louis. "During a recent big fire near the river bank in St. Louis a fire brigade acted the part of Pied Piper of Hamelin, and, with the assistance of the flames, drove out of their hiding places into the Missis sipp' as many rats as did the mythological musician. While the water was lighted by the reflection of the conflagration, a black

mass was seen floating toward the east shore of the river. This proved to be some thousands of rats.

"They were headed by their chieftain, an "They were headed by their chieftain, an extraordinarily large, black fellow, and, finding their quarters attacked by the liames, had taken to the river for self-preservation. The current carried them a considerable distance out of their course, and during their passage some hundreds of them were drowned. Spectators on the bridge made bets on the race, but they were all declared off, because on the Illinois side there was no landing place handy for the fatigued rats, and as far as could be seen, with the exception of the stronger fellows. the whole burch perished in the lows, the whole bunch perished in the

English Youths Learning Horse Lore. From the Wichlta, Kan., Eagle.

Five young men, alleged scions of aristocratic families in England, arrived here a few days ago with thirty trunks, and took quarters at the best hotel in town. The next day after arriving they applied for work at three fast horse farms, and offered to work for nothing in order to learn the American way of developing speed in horses.

Thirty-two of them came to America to gether, scattering themselves about New York, Kansas, Nebraska, Kentucky and California. Two of them secured work on the farms and the other three have become laborers in livery stables. After their day's work is done they go to their hotels, dress up elegantly, and live and entertain like lords. One of them, said to be a nephew up elegantly, and live and the an nephew lords. One of them, said to be a nephew of Sir Charles Palmer, is assisting in tak-ing care of Ashland Wilkes, the sire of

ing care of Ashland Wilkes, the sire of John R. Gentry.

They say they will remain here two years, and that their purpose is to get acthe best sires and breeders to take to Eng land with them. In other words, they propose to secure for England the cream of American trotting blood

The "If" is Rather Important. from the Philadelphia Record.

Here's something that may save your life when a bull gets after you. When a bull charges, just before the final lurch he shuts his eyes, and if you have the presence of mind to stand stockstill until he ! about two or three feet from you, all you have to do is to step aside, and he misses have to do is to step aside, and he misses you. Any child with sufficient presence of mind to do this can let a bull charge all cay with perfect safety. This is not a new thing, as it is one of the secrets of the bull fighter in the countries where the sport is practiced. The bull fighters say that a ccw does not do this, and they would never try any such tricks with a mad cow. The writer knows that what is said about the

The Evening Star for the full time the mystery story, "When the War Was Over," is running, including back numbers, will be sert, postpaid, to out-of-town sub scribers for 60 cents. Subscribe for an outof-town friend.

That Striking Costume

From Harper's Bazar. Mrs. Gargoyle-"What struck you most while traveling in Holland?" Mrs. Trotter—"A good many of the men wore bloomers."

Nature Was Ahead.

From the Detroit Free Press. "I utterly refuse your proposition of marriage! Do I not make myseif plain?" "Nature has forestalled you," he said, getting in his work with deadly effect."

FOR INDIGESTION

FOR INDIGESTION

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. W. O. Hoyt, Rome, Ga., says: "I have found it both an agreeable and useful remedy in many cases of indigestion and also in nervous troubles, attended with sleeplessness and a feeling of exhaustion."

WORK OF THE SALVATION ARMY

Familiar Scenes at Twilight on Pennsylvania Avenue.

WHAT MRS. SCHAYER SAW

Written for The Evening Star.

One evening some weeks ago I happened to be strolling along Pennsylvania avenue at an hour when the business of the day being over that brilliant thoroughfare presents a strangely deserted and unfamiliar aspect. The well-dressed, respectable people, who throng its broad pavements during the day, are not to be seen. They are at home, dining, resting and preparing for the evening's pleasures.

It gives one a strange sensation to stand on a corner and look up and down the avenue at this hour. Most of the buildings are closed and dark from basement to eaves. Some great show windows are still brightly lighted, however, and before these the hurrying shop girls stop for a glance at the unattainable splendors displayed behind the plate glass. The street cars pass, as usual, but carry few passengers. Along the south side of the avenue, the side given the south side of the avenue, the side given over for whole blocks, by common consent, to dubious uses, the lighted windows of drinking saloons, pool rooms and kindred resorts, wink knowingly at the public, which protests against, yet permits, and even tolerates their existence.

Passersby.

Now and then a married pair saunters along, accompanied by children of assorted sizes. The man invariably smokes a pipe, and the woman generally carries an infant, and all stop at each illuminated window to gaze upon and discuss its contents. It is the family of a poor but honest laboring fran, taking its inexpensive recreation. As the twilight deepens groups of men, of all ages, but of one type, steal into view and slouch along, talking in hoarse, furtive voices, their conversation, if such it must be called, broken by lurid oaths and vicious laughter. These are the frankly had and be called, broken by lurid oaths and vicious laughter. These are the frankly bad and degraded of our city's population, the creatures who hide by day, not only because their deeds are evil, but because their filthy clothing, emitting gusts of vile alcohol and tobacco as they pass, would draw upon them attention that might interfere with the exercise of that "personal liberty" which is the one proud possession remainwhich is the one proud possession remain

which is the one proud possession remaining to them.

As I stood on the corner in the dusk these champiors of personal liberty passed me by scores and hundreds—old men, sluffling tremblingly along, casting sly, bleary glances to right and left, seeing a loe in every face; middle-aged men, bloated, gross and bardened beyond care; young men. overy face; middle-aged men, bloated, gross and hardened beyond care; young men, cultivating assiduously their latent capacity for deviltry, swaggering, foul-mouthed, vain of their degradation, and-boys! Little fellows, from ten to fourteen or fifteen, many of them well-dressed, and having every appearance of belonging to respectable families—what were they doing on Pennsylvania avenue at this hour? Their First Lesson.

Taking their first lesson in vice and dissipation, perhaps. Many of them walked already with a knowing swagger, the deadly cigarette between their beardless lips. All of them were wide awake, on the qui vive for anything in the shape of amusement or excitement, from a fight to a fire, that might turn up, and all of them full of the bumptious, foolish conceit of youth and ignorance. And, saddest of all, there were numbers of girls—very young girls, hardly more than children, their whole appearance indicating that they, too, like the boys, belonged to at least respectable familles, and like the boys, were out in search of amusement and adventure.

Where were the parents of those children? God pity them, when too late they learn what their blind indulgence and criminal neglect of duty have brought forth.

This good-natured carelessness of American parents, this absurd confidence in the ability of very young people "to take care vive for anything in the shape of amuse-

ability of very young people "to take care of themselves," is sapping the foundations of society.

A Sweet, Pure Voice.

Saddened by these reflections, I was pur-

suing my way homeward, when all at one a sound arrested my attention. Above the noise of street cars and shuffling feet and human conversations, arose a clear, sweet, bird-like voice, that coming as it did out of all that tangled hideous discord struck of all that tangled indeous discord strucks on yvery heart of hearts. I stopped and listened, and then went toward it.

I half expected it to retreat from me, to lapse in silence, but a little farther along the street I saw the red banner of the Salvation Army waving above the heads of a crowd, and making my way thither I found my singer. She was a slender bit of a girl. my singer. She was a slender bit of a girl, wearing the uniform of the army. A guitar wearing the uniform of the army. A guitar was slung over her shoulder by a red ribbon, and one little hand thrummed its strings softly as she sang. The melody was that of the old song: "Take Back the Heart That Thou Gavest, etc." The words were new—"sacred" words they would be called. I confess they did not impress me as they doubtless should have done. I was absorbed by the voice and the singer. It absorbed by the voice and the singer. It was an astonishing thing to me to hear that

pure, lovely voice, to see that delicate young girl in such a place. Of the Salvation Army. Grouped about her were several men and women in the army uriform; one grizzled old fellow, in a scarlet jersey, carrying the scarlet banner; others with guitars, tambourines, a violin, etc. At the end of each stanza these joined, softly and in good tune, in a sort of refrain or chorus. When the song was over the singer addressed the crowd. Her speaking voice, like her singcrowd. Her speaking voice, like her singing voice, sweet, persuasive, pathetic in the
extreme. Then all the company knelt in
the dust of the street, and one prayed with
much fervor. And I—I looked about upon
that crowd, and wondered—wondered if
perchance one seed of all sown by these
patient, earnest workers had fallen upon
fertile soil

fertile soil.

They were the usual faces of the street crowd-not a pleasant sight at any time, in my opinion, but at this hour made up still more largely of the vicious and abandened. fertile soil.

doned.
Stolid indifference, vulgar curiosity, some, but not much, open derision—that was what I saw. Only, as there came a fervid appeal for lost womanhood, the lips of a appeal for lost womanhood, the lips of a young girl near me quivered for an instant—like the lips of a child about to cry. It was only an instant, then she took her girl companion by the arm and went her way with a reckless laugh. Yet, who knows, there may have been down in that poor lost girl's neart a seed that will germinate and grow into a saving penitence.

A Noble Purpose. It is for this these people have set themselves apart; for this they are working un-

der conditions that fill the minds of the ignorant and unsympathizing with incredulity and scorn. But gradually it is becoming understood by the better classes of the community that the Salvation Army is not a minstrel show, or a combination of freaks; that it is composed of earnest, God-fearing, self-sacrificing men and women, doing a great work in an original and powerful way.

Dear madam, as you settle your perfumed draperies in your cushioned new, and grace-

draperies in your cushioned pew, and grace-fully prepare to listen to the smooth periods of a highly accomplished divine, and the musical mouthings of an experienced choir, far from the great unwashed, who would never dream of intruding upon the hallowed precincts of a fashionable church—at least refrain from sneering at those devoted Christian women, who disguise their often attractive persons in the dusty uniform of the Salvation Army, live in localities of which you have never even heard, and take by the hand the malodorous outcast, without even a vinalgrette near to mitigate the accompanying horrors.

I tell you—and I know what I am writing about—that many of these women, upon whom, madam, if you deign to look at all, you look askance, are as well born, as well educated and very likely as highly endowed far from the great unwashed, who would

educated and very likely as highly endowed by nature as your scornful self. And they have done literally what Christ demanded of His followers—they have left all to fol-

WARNING TO PARENTS

low Him. They have given up home, friends, social positions; they have accepted poverty, privations, humiliation and labor as their portion, and have entered into a terrible hand-to-hand fight with sin, which is a very different thing, madam, from the vague muttering of a prayer in the rainbow tinted atmosphere, of a church—as you will not be likely to deny!

Earnest and Sincere. One may wonder at the methods of the Salvation Army, one may even smile at certain features of their service, but no one

can approach them in an honest frame of can approach them in an increase and without being impressed by their earnestness and sincerity, and touched to the heart by their attitude toward even the the heart by their attributed lowest of vagrants.
"This," one exclaimed in wonder, "this is the true, Christlike spirit!"
JULIA SCHAYER.

POPPING OF A PAPER BAG.

A Baking Powder Man Tackels the Sparrow Nuisance. From the Louisville Commercial.

One of the slickest men I ever saw was young fellow out west who was selling baking powder, and was up to all the lodges to advertise his goods. He happened to strike one little town in which English sparrows were a great nuisance and sparrow heads. The baking powder man saw a golden opportunity to give his goods big reputation, and offered to exterminate all of the sparrows in town inside of wo weeks.

His proposition was gladly accepted, so he began his work. He selected a large he began his work. He selected a large vacant lot as the scene of his operations, and every evening would go out there with several bushels of corn, which he fed to the sparrows until they began to get acquainted with him and came to the lot in bigger droves every day. In the meantime he had sent east and bought a barrel of empty capsules, which he filled with the baking powder, and then put salt on the outside of them. When he saw that all of the sparrows in

when he saw that all of the sparrows in town were coming to the feed ground he had a large tank of water placed there and was ready for the grand climax. On this eventful evening he took his salted cap-sules of baking powder to the lot instead of corn and througher them out to the unsue. sules of baking powder to the lot instead of corn and threw them out to the unsuspecting sparrows. Of course the salt made the birds thirsty and they immediately flew to the water tank and drank, and the result was something awful.

The water melted the capsules and made the baking powder rise. The poor little birds tried to stay on the ground, but the baking powder was too strong and com-

baking powder was too strong and com-pelled them to rise straight up into the air and finally popped them open. The spectapelled them to rise straight up into the air and finally popped them open. The specta-tors could plainly hear the sparrows pop, and said that it sounded like the popping of a paper bag. It rained popped sparrows all night, and the next day not a single five one was visible. It is needless to say that there is only one brand of baking powder for sale in that town for sale in that town

ON BUYING CIGARS ABROAD.

An Inferior Article as Compared With That Sold Here. from the Chicago Record.

One Chicago man in London insisted that

the tobacconists, in purchasing their Havana cigars, were guided by the pictorial value of the pictures on the boxes. He said the boxes were the handsomest and the cigars the poorest he had ever

The English tobacconist will invariable hand out a dry cigar unless the customer makes a special request for something fresh. Within the last two years some of the shops have made an effort to "push" the Indian cigars. They may be just as good, but any one who had become accustomed to Havana cigars wouldn't think so. They have a flavor of their own and would appeal only to a cultivated taste. A sigar that would cost 10 cents in the United States is sold for 12 cents in London, and the 15-cent article 18 cents in Holland. Germany and Switzerland it is possible to get American cigars and cigarettes at a comparatively slight advance over the cost at home, but the stock is seldom fresh or

tween. They are known as government depositories, and are numbered as such above the doorways. The cigars are for sale in small, sealed boxes containing four, six or eight cigars each. Usually the cigars are of bad quality and not at all fresh. The native cigars may be bought singly, but they can be smoked by no one except a brave Frenchman. Smoking tobacco is sold by weight. It is black and very bitter, and is used in the manufacture of French cigarettes. An American 10-cent cigar of fairly good quality costs 16 or 20 cents. It may be set down as a rule that American tobacco in France costs twice as much as it would in the United States. In France, as everywhere on the continent, the natives, who pretend on the continent, the natives, who pretend to be connoisseurs as regards wine and viands, smoke bad tobacco. It is tobacco that smells like "something burning," and it tastes worse than that.

How Ants Kill a Snake.

From Pearson's Weekly. That ants can actually kill snakes is a hard thing to believe. There is irrefutable evidence, however, that they do, and scientists have discovered that the snake has hardly a more dangerous enemy. The large red brown forest ant is the sort that is the this comparatively enormous reptile is that they kill it for food and not on account of

Trey kill it for lood and not on account of any natural antipathy.

When some of the ants catch sight of a stake they arouse the whole community at orce. In platoons and battalions the little fellows set upon the reptile, striking their hippers into its body and eyes at thousands f points at once.

With such rapid movement and such with such rapid movement and such splendid concentration is the attack made that the snake has no chance at all of escaping. It is like a thousand electric reedles piercing him at once. The snake soon becomes exhausted, and dies ignoninicusly.
Then the ants set harder at work. They

rien the ants set harder at work. They begin to tear off the flesh in small pieces, gradually stripping away the skin and working underneath. Not until they have carried off everything, except the bones and the skin itself, do they retire.

Between Them. (A Society Conversation.)

He-"He says you are engaged to him." She-"Yes?" He-"Then you are not engaged to me."

She-"True; but I am going to marry you, o why should you complain?" He-"I should not. And, by the way, what lot of money your father must have." She-"Yes, he will be rich enough to buy an ancestral home next year."

He—"It's rather fortunate that our twingreat-great-grandfathers were partners in

She—'Why?'
He—'Because if our family had been older than yours of course I couldn't have married you, and if you had been of a family older than mine you couldn't have married She-"Tell me, why did you insist on giving

me two engagement rings?"

He—"One was to bind my promise to marry you and the other was to bind your prom-She-"You seem to feel assured that we

shall marry then?"
He—"Nothing can convince me that you will not eventually love me."
She—"Then you may hope, my dear." Written for The Evening Star.

Furling "Old Glory." His dreadful dragon-shape the Sun has bowed Upon the level of the glittering sea,
And o'er the ramparts, clearly, tenderly, Blares the sweet bugle. Hark, straightway aloud And ere the echo answers, noiselessly

You star-sprent flag its glory furls. O be

Out of cerulean shadows far below Phantasmal Ships (they seem) melt into view. Skim swift with gull-like wing the bright wave's And softly fade again in misty blue;

While harbor lights twink out and on the slow Wind, Music wakes and faints and breathes anev--ELISABETHE DUPUY. Free to Bald Hends We will mall on application free information how to grow hair upon a hald head, stop falling hair and remove scalp diseases. Address ALTENIEM MEDICAL DISPENSARY, 127 E. 3d st., Cincinati, Ohio.

SOLVED BY SHERLOCK HOLMES

Written for The Evening Star. Being detailed to ferret out the mysteries surrounding the Holt will case. I at once ecognized that so intricate a problem should have brought to bear upon it the discerning mind of the finest detectives 'hat could be procured. This one conclusion is all that I claim the credit for in unraveling this most mysterious case. Results that followed I attribute to luck only, and I can never doubt that luck is an element in the determination of human af

the Secret of the Holt Will.

It was pure luck that led me to discover that Mr. Sherlock Holmes, the famous London detective, whose confidence was gained by one Conan Doyle, was in Washngton. I was walking along Pennsylvania avenue on the evening of the day after the ourned will was received for record, meditating on the herculean task before me. My attention was attracted by a strange-looking object hobbling along on crutches. The man had evidently lately met an accident, and I became interested in him at once, thinking there might be a story concerning his mishap that would prove of value. He was garing in a shop window as I came up to him, and I stopped by his side. His left hand was bandaged and a large piece of court piaster ornamented his right cheek.

"Railroad accident?" I asked as the crippled man glanced toward me.

The stranger did not deign to reply to my question, but, looking me over from head to foot in a hasty manner, replied, to my great astonishment:

"I will see you at 7:30 today. My address."

The man placed a small place of me. tating on the herculean task before me.

The man placed a small plece of paper in The man placed a small place of paper in my hand, and, with no other word, hobbled away on his crutches. This strange proceeding excited my wonder, and I would have again accosted the cripple, but, being pressed for time, I continued my way down the avenue, examining the bit of paper I had just received. I was still more perplexed when I read:

SHERLOCK HOLMES,

No. — E street

SHERLOCK HOLMES,
No. — E street,
Washington, D. C.
"Sherlock Holmes, Sherlock Holmes," I
repeated, to cail to mind any one I had
known bearing that name. "That's Conan
Doyle's detective," I ruminated; "but surely
Conan Doyle's detective is a myth, and, if
I remember correctly, he was killed in
Switzerland while on the track of a criminal."

My mysterious friend, however, was real flesh and blood, although considerably bat-tered. I determined to allow nothing to prevent me from calling at the address, for I believed these I believed there was something about the man and the accident he had lately met man and the worth knowing.

"Come in."

These words came as a response to my knock. I had sought the address of the mysterious cripple and had located him in a back room of the top floor of a rather dingy house. With some hesitation I opened the door. The room was a large one, comfortably furnished, with two large windows facing the south, whence came a refreshing breeze. The gas was burning freshing breeze. The gas was burning dimly, and by its light I saw a man reclining on a couch.
"Be seated. Breeze near the window,"

Still the figure recining, and I feit a little uneasy regarding my surroundings, as I closed the door and accepted his invitation, or rather followed his instruction, as I regarded it from the tone in which it was given. I had actually forgotten to inquire for Mr. Holmes, which I then lost no time in doing. When I did so the reclining figure say unright; then acose and walking. in doing. When I did so the reclining fig-ure sat upright; then arose, and, walking across the room, took a seat by me. It was plain that it was the man I had seen on Pennsylvania avenue, though there was no evidence of lameness, and the bandage and court plaster had disappeared.

"What paper do you report for?" he asked.

I had said nothing that could lead him to believe that I was connected with any newspaper. I was so mystified that I became abashed, and sat for a moment unable to solution of the Holt will case," he contin-ued. "If such a slight matter should be of

importance to you as a newspaper man, I will look it over and unravel the skein of events that make it complicated and unfathomable to the lawyers—and the reporters," he added, with a look that suggested a sneer.

Locking the man over carefully, I was inclined to believe that I had a madman to deal with, or at least a harmless crank,

"Now, mind you," said my queer ac-quaintance. "I will give you the results of the investigation I propose making on one condition. I've been cheated by those mushhead Scotland Yard detectives, so that mushnead scotland rard detectives, so that they always get credit for what I do, but they paid me and it made no difference. They got credit for all I have ever done, but the pay I received was all I wanted, tegether with the amusement that came to the from following mysteric science. to me from following my profession. I have decided to leave England forever and to take up my home in Washington, which is destined to be the greatest capital of the world. Conan Doyle wrote a great

and."

Holmes smiled with satisfaction as he continued. "But don't blame him for that. He knew no better. That was a little game of my own, to keep the public eye off me while I ran down some delicate matters

But that is past.

"To come right down to business, I procese to settle here, and want an advertisement. Once I am known there will be no end of professional business that will cek me. I will unravel this little myster about the burned will, and you can have the results, but you are to give me credit for it. See! After I am known here, I don't care about having credit for any-thing. Do you promise?"

I hastily replied that if he would lay be fore me the solution of the Welt will see

I hastily replied that if he would lay before me the solution of the Hoit will case I would give him ample credit for his revelations. I asked him to tell me why he supposed he could get at the solution of so great a mystery." "So great a mystery!" he repeated, as if mocking me, and in a sneering tone. "Anything is mysterious to the ignorant and the blind. I have not yet given a single thought to the case," he went on, "except to see that the newspapers here

"except to see that the newspapers here are making a great hurrah over it. The reporters are about as obtuse as the Scotland Yard detectives."

Having given my solemn promise that he should receive all the credit for unrayeling the myster. I related to the request the

should receive all the credit for unraveling the mystery, I related, at his request, the circumstances of the case, how Judge Holt's property was being distributed to his heirs-at-law when a mysterious burned document was received by the register of wills. I told him all I knew of the case, of which he appeared to be utterly ignorant. I thought I had given him all information that a detective could desire, but the conclusion of my narrative he asked mation that a detective could desire, but at the conclusion of my narrative he asked if that was all I knew, and remarked that detectives, lawyers and reporters see only what is unimportant, while they allow the salient facts to pass unnoticed. "Were there any marks on the burned paner—no finger prints?" paper-no finger prints?

I replied that so far as I knew there had been no attempt to discover such

"Of course not," he ejaculated, with

and on which side were they?"

I told him I didn't know.
"Was either side of the paper stained a How a Reporter Was Aided in Finding

"was either side of the paper stained a light yellow, as if it had been exposed for a long period to the sun?"

I didn't know.
"Was there a small blot of red ink in the upper right-hand side of the paper on the

I didn't know.

first time since my call, breathed easily. I firmly believed I had escaped from the presence of a crank; but my curiosity caused me to visit the house again on the follow-

me to visit the house again on the following evening.

Upon calling on Sherlock Holmes a second time I found the detective engaged in the performance of a jig, waving his arms in a frantic manner. The door to his room was standing open, and he did not see me for several minutes. When he did observe me he bowed poittely, and said he was taking his usual after-dinner exercise. He invited me to a table in the center of the room and lighted the gas, the room on my arrival being lighted only from an electric light on the street. He produced a photographic copy of the burned will and laid it on the table. Then he brought out another sheet of paper, partly burned, and laid it over the will. I at once saw that the burning was exactly the same on both sheets. The holes made in the paper of the will corresponded with those on the sheet of paper he had placed on it. When laid together it appeared evident that the two pleces of paper must have been together when partly consumed by the fire. It seemed impossible for human effort to have produced such a result except by burning both when partly consumed by the fire. It seemed impossible for human effort to have produced such a result except by burning both sheets at one time; but I realized that the real significance of the similarity in the partial destruction of the sheets must be found in the explanation that Sherlock Holmes was to make, and for the first time I began to regard seriously the queer antics of my newly made accumintance. of my newly made acquaintance.
"Read," he said, pointing to some faint He handed me a magnifying glass, and I

He handed me a magnifying glass, and I read:

"Canceled. To be burned."

"That handwriting," said Mr. Holmes, "is in the hand of Judge Holt. That can plainly be seen. These papers, among others, were put aside to be destroyed, and this inscription there has the trades left. this inscription shows that the judge left this inscription shows that the judge left their destruction to some servant. They were partially burned over an open grate wood fire. Had they been burned over a gas jet they would not have had these small holes through the center of the sheets. But while they were over the fire in the hands of the servant the import-ance of the paper was recognized and it. sheets. But while they were over the fire in the hands of the servant the importance of the paper was recognized, and it was withdrawn from the flames in time to save it. The fact is Judge Holt in marking this paper 'Canceled. To be burned,' thought he was writing on the back of his will, which was to be made of no effect. These two papers were on his desk and stuck together. See," said Mr. Holmes, pointing to very faint yellow stains on the back of the sheet indorsed 'Canceled. To be burned." 'I have analyzed those stains and find they contain gum arabic, small drops of which had fallen on the leaf and caused the two sheets to adhere. Similar spcts should be found on the back of the will, and upon chemical examination it will be found to contain gum arabic. I have not seen the original sheet of the will, but that little chain in the evidence, I presume, may be left to the paid lawyers in the case or to the newspapers.

"Do you see? These papers were stuck together when Judge Holt thought he was writing a cancellation on the back of his will. The servant started to burn the papers and then saved the will, throwing the sheet in my hand here away. It was this sheet," he said, holding it in his hand, "that was nearest to the fire, as is evidenced by the fact that it is yellow from the heat. In just such a position the writing of the will would be visible to the person burning the papers."

"How is it that the blank sheet was not

person burning the papers."
"How is it that the blank sheet was not

"How is it that the blank sheet was not burned when the servant decided to save the will?"

"That is easily accounted for. Discovering that something of value was being burned the person doing the work walked from the fire and to the light to read what was on the paper more carefully. The blank sheet found sticking to the will was then thrown in the waste basket and the will was saved."

"But, Mr. Holmes," I said, "how do you "But, Mr. Holmes," I said, "how do you know that these papers ever were together? You have discovered the servant who mailed the will," I said continuing to grow interested, "or else your theory is clever, but of no value."

"Theory," said Holmes, "I have no theory. I have facts. I have discovered this odd sheet of paper at a junk shop," I could not refrain from giving vent to my ammesement. I was wasting my time

my amusement. I was wasting my time with a crank and actually taking his raywith a crans and actually taking his ravings for the wisdom of a great detective.

"When I saw that the will had been burned, I concluded," said Mr Sherlock Holmes, "that other papers had been destroyed at the same time. Men very seldom burn a single paper. There are desk cleaning times, when men rumniage over their old papers and destroy what is not wanted. papers and destroy what is not wanted. Although Judge Holt is said to have been

Although Judge Holt is said to have been eccentric. I had no reason to believe that he differed from other men in that respect."

"But," I objected, "where did you discover this paper?"

"The simplest thing in the world," said Mr. Holmes. "I concluded that a man of Judge Holt's prominence must have had many papers. While he kept great quantities of these papers to the day of his death, he also laid aside many others to be burned during the long illness that preceded his he also laid aside many others to be burn-ed during the long lilness that preceded his death. It is usual for men to burn only especially important papers, while other documents less important are thrown aside, and generally are sold by servants to the junk shops for the few pennies that may be so secured. This partly burned paper found its way into the junk shop in that way."

"But how do you know all this?" I persisted, fully believing that the man was ro-nancing.

"I have the most satisfactory evidence of it," said Mr. Holmes. "I discovered that in Washington, as in all large cities, the junk dealers have divided the town among themselves. In extraordinary cases waste paper may find its way into any junk shop, but as a rule, paper in any particular sec-tion gets into a particular junk shop. Where there are but small quantities of such paper. It is usually given to the ash man. Where there are but small quantities of such paper, it is usually given to the ash man, but in the case of Judge Holt's house, there was such a quantity of paper that it was probably sold to a dealer at so much a prund. I have not thought it necessary to determine this detail, or I could tell exactly how it left the house. But that it got into the shop of a dealer in the southeastern part of the city there is no doubt. It was a dealer there who got the waste na-

ern part of the city there is no doubt. It was a dealer there who got the waste paper from the neighborhood in which the judge lived, and learning this fact, I called on him."

"You don't mean to tell me you found this paper at a junk shop when it was probably taken from the souse several years ago, even if your-theory is correct?" I queried.

"Young man, Sherlock Holmes has no theories. He has facts only. Had I been looking for an ordinary piece of paper it

Q. E. D.



"How vain you are, Effie! Looking at yourself in the glass!"
"Vain, Aunt Emma? Me vain! Why, I don't think myself half as good-looking

tience. Vere there any fly specks on the paper, Another Washington Physician

of CONSUMPTION

By. Dr. Shade's Chloridum Discovery. Dr. J. B. PATTERSON, 52 B street northeast, a prominent professional man, a physician of sixteen I didn't know.

"Of course you don't," exclaimed Sherlock Holmes, jumping to his feet. "If this wasn't the simplest case in the world I would have to find something about it. I suppose the lawyers and the reporters have spent their time identifying the signatures and endeavoring to learn at what letter box the document was dropped. That is the way the Scotland Yard mushheads go to work. They concoct theories and then try to work them out. Come here tomorrow evening. Same time."

Sherlock Holmes then crossed the room, and, taking up a violin that lay on a chair, began playing a dainty waltz, his appearance showing that he had become oblivious to my presence. I withdrew from the room and house, and when on the street, for the first time since my call, breathed easily. I would have been folly to go to a jumb a four world have been folly to go to a jumb a would have been folly to go to a jumb a would have been folly to go to a jumb a would have been folly to go to a jumb a would have been folly to go to a jumb a would have been folly to go to a jumb a would have been folly to go to a jumb a littent same in active practice, said to a washington Times reporter: "I had been fill for years before I finally broke down. Being a physician, I could not disguise this fact from myself. I had a cavity in my right lung, which, on micro-scapical examination, proved to be tubercular consumption. I was a very sick man. All the treatment I had taken failed to arrest the disease. I learned of a number of cures, the result of Dr. SHADE'S treatment, 1232 Fourteenth street. I consulted him, and in four months' treatment my, and the reporters 'Ambient and the practice, said to a washington Times reporter: "I had been fill for years before I finally broke down. Being a physical to a washington Times reporter: "I had been fill for years before I finally broke down. Being a physican, I could not disguise this fact from myself. I had a cavity in my right lung, which, on mero-tan, I could not disguise this fact from myself. I had a cavity i years' experience in active practice, said to a

would have been folly to go to a junk shop for it. But, remember, I was looking for a piece of paper partially burned. With your superficial knowledge of such matters you doubtless do not know that when waste paper is received by junk dealers it is separated into several classes. Various kinds of paper are placed in separate bags. Are you aware that one of the finest tooth powders is made of burned linen paper? The junk dealer knows that and places in a separate bag all partially burned linen paper, as it could not be sold with other linen paper usually intended to be made over into material of similar grade. As a rule there is very little partly burned linen paper received at a junk shop, so that the bag into which it is collected does not get filled for very long periods. I have known cases where such material was ten years old in a single junk shop. So I went to the junk dealer for the purpose of examining the burned linen paper he had on hand, and he told me he had been collecting his present stock for three years, and it was probably within that time that Judge Holt laid out the old will to be burned. I have reason to believe that the writing on the back of the will was not placed there before the year 1892, but there are other evidences that prove conclusively that the will was nullified long before that, but I have no time now to give you the foundation for that belief. The will was with many other old papers, and it was only in a general clearing up that it was discovered, canceled and laid aside with instructions for its burning."

"I admire your ingenuity," I said, addressing myself to Holmes, "but I do not believe that any court would accept your evidence as satisfactory."

Holmes smiled and shook his head. Then, walking across the room, he picked up another paper from a table and brought it to me.

"You doubt," he said, "that the paper I have given you really was a part of the

another paper from a table and brought it to me.

"You doubt," he said, "that the paper I have given you really was a part of the burned document now in the possession of the register of wills. I have told you that something remarkable caught the cye of the servant and stayed the complete burning of the will. It was this."

He allowed me to read the second paper he had to exhibit. It was indeed a remarkable document. The writing on it was in red ink, as I thought, and the letters were large and thickly made. I read:

"Another evidence of human inconstancy, my blood attests my deep regret that love

My blood attests my deep regret that lo is born to die, or to give way to other a

My blood attests my deep regret that love is born to die, or to give way to other affections.

"That writing." continued Holmes. "is in the hand that wrote the document now held by the recorder of wills, but being written with human blood," as I have ascertained by analysis, "the lines are thicker. It was the remarkable appearance of that page that caused the person burning the papers to save them from the flames, and after examination, to save the charred will. That sheet was pinned on the front of the will, and you observe that it is burned on the same edges as is the document which now mystifies the lawyers and the reporters. I attach no especial importance to this writing with blood, or to the expressions used. Men frequently adopt such means of inscribing a thought when deeply affected, and it is difficult to account for such peculiarities."

and it is difficult to account for such pe-culiarities."

Holmes, in an abrupt manner, indicated that he didn't care to pursue the subject longer, He crossed the room and seated himself by the window in an abstracted way. I remained silent several minutes watching his strange mood. When he recovered his usual manner he begged to be excused for his apparent abstraction, and remarked that he had been engaged in forgetting all he knew about the burned will, as he didn't care to remember anything as he didn't care to remember anything that would be useless to him in the further pursuance of the subject, which would relate solely to the recovery of the later will made by Judge Holt.

I was about to withdraw when it occurred to me that I had had no explanation of Holmer's concerned on the wiferest on

of Holmes' appearance on the street on crutches and with his hand bandaged. "Oh, that was my method of getting ac-quainted with you," he replied. "I really wanted to work this case up for one of the wanted to work this case up for one of the newspapers, and being a stranger in the city, knew that if I should appear in pub-lic in the disguise in which you saw me, it would not be long until I would be spoken to by a curious reporter. I had no other intention. I assure you.

I left Mr. Holmes with assurances that if I cared to have him discover the missing will he would look it up in a few hours

Strategic Mabel. Frem Harper's Round Table. Mabel-"Don't dreams always go by con-

Mabel—"Well, last night I dreamed that I asked you for a piece of cake, and that you wouldn't give it to me."

As Good as a "Swell's." From Pearson's Weekly. Boatman-"Naw, mister, I can't let yer ev me boat just now. There's a heavy

Mamma-"I have heard so."

swell jest comin' up."
'Arry—"Swell be blowed! Ain't my money
as good as his'n?" MEALS RUNNING SORES

CURES the

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O. E. K., Syracuse, Have a very tired, sleepy feeling all the time, and suffer with muscular rheumatism. Please advise.

Take Cerebrine, extract of the brain, in five-drop doses on the tongue twice daily; one Febriede Pill three times daily and twice, a week a dose of Natrolithic Salts. outrolithic Salts.
L. B. M., Brooklyn.—After meals I feel uncenterably bloated. What can you advise?
Take a tenspoorful of Natrolithic Salts in half umbler of hot water before breakfast twice a beach.

week.
C. M. H., Detroit.—Please state a remedy for C. M. H., Detroit. Please state a remedy for strengthening the hair.
Use Petroleine and follow directions carefully. Indiana.—Please state a remedy for one who has suffered with rhematism for some time.
Take one Febricide Pill three times daily. Twice a week a teaspoorded of Natrolithic Saits in half similar of hot water before breakfast.
J. S. L., Washington, Pa.—Send name and address; will advise by mail.

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